Hazel Green Herald.

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HAZEL GREEN, : : : KY.

TELL ME SOMETHING KIND.

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought of me,
If thou canst lift my spirit up
To moods of buoyancy,
Then speak the words, I pray thee, dear,
However light they seem.
Withhold not from me anything
That adds to life's sweet dream.

If thou canst tell me of some one
Whom I have chanced to aid,
If thou canst point to me some spot
That I have brighter made,
Then softly whisper unto me,
In accents fond and low.
The kind truth never hurts nor harms,
But sets the heart aglow.

So come with light and warmth and cheer
To meet me every day,
Reflect to me the world's bright smiles,
And hide its frowns away.
Oh! hast thou sorrows of thine own?
Have others injured thee?
Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel
My tender sympathy.

But if some cruel, heedless tongue
Has uttered words of hate,
With justice or injustice cursed
My errors, hesitate
Before thou tell'st me what will bring
But shadows in my life.
God knows we all have need of love
To calm our secret strife!

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought or spoken,
If thou canst lift a spirit up
Too oft by treach'ry broken,
Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire,
However vain it seems:
For I would fain be trustful still,
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

—Ella A. Giles, in Christian Register.

HER COUNTRY COUSIN.

How Nick Weybridge Got Out of a Bad Scrape.

You see, it all happened this way: Nick Weybridge had been waiting at the Grand Central depot for the arrival of the western express, by which was due his old chum, Reggie Bell. The express arrived up to time, but with no Reggie therein. At which collapse of plans Nick, mightily wroth, strode for the street, with hands shoved deep in his trousers' pockets and his chin stuck out squarely in front of him like the jaw of a surly bulldog, muttering strong words about "that Bell."

"What's that about Belle?" fluted forth a sudden sweet voice. Sulky Nick looked up and beheld two big velvety brown eyes smiling into his—eyes belonging to a face that Greuze would have loved to paint, with its dainty oval, its peach-bloom cheeks, and its hair whose silken net seemed to possess a magical attraction for gadding sunbeams. The owner of the eyes and voice was, to use the language of art, a study in black and white; to speak plainly, a young woman coquettishly arrayed in a widow's semi-mourning.

"What's that about Belle? Don't you blame me, sir! Why, it's all your own fault, you horrid, impatient boy! Here you are, calmly strolling off into the street instead of waiting where I could find you, and you look as sulky as a bear with a sore head, too!"

Nick's only answer to all this was a blank stare.

"Why, what's the matter?" she went on. "You don't seem to know your own cousin?" Then, with a charming pout: "I'm surely not grown so very old and hideous, Mort, that you can't recognize me!"

Here was evidently a big blunder. Deceived by some resemblance in feature, and misled by the chance remark about Bell which she had overheard and which she took as an allusion to herself, this charming stranger had mistaken Nick for some western cousin she had come to meet. Now, if the tempted one—for the girl was really uncommonly pretty—had been a straight-walking, sober-minded young man with a modicum of conscience he would have flouted the temptation and set the lady right with a polite bow and explanation; she would have apologized—as if there were any need for apology—bowed, blushed and fled; and Nick would have seen her face no more, which would have been a great pity. So he, who in nowise resembled the aforesaid strait-laced, sober-minded young man, having no conscience to speak of, and being endued with a forehead of bronze and the tongue of the old serpent, after the first shock deliberately up and spake:

"Well, my dear," as calmly as if he had known her from a child, "I waited and waited, and not seeing you, concluded you wasn't going to turn up. But I'm awful glad to see you." Which was true. "As for your changing, why, I never saw you look so pretty in all my life." And this statement also was, as Chadband has it, "terewth indeed."

"You were very impatient though, Mort—and stupid, too. So there! But I'll forgive you, dear. Where's your luggage?"

"Oh, that'll be sent on after."

"Well, come along then; the carriage is waiting."

"Whew!" whistled Nick, under his breath. "The carriage is waiting, eh? This is a high-flyer and no mistake. Wonder who the deuce she is—for that matter who am I, too? She's a thoroughbred, evidently; s'pose the 'dear defunct' was some bloated old bondholder who married her for the sake of her face. By Jove! a spanking turnout, too. Shall I back out here? May turn out another case of vaulting ambition, etc. No; I'll hold on. She can't eat me, in any case; I could eat her, though—she's quite sweet enough. Well, my rubicon is this carriage-step, and here goes to cross it," and he followed the widow into the victoria. "Wonder who on earth I'm supposed to be, though? Mort, she called me. Mort? Hum! Stands for Mortimer, Morton, and *Mortuus*, too, for that matter. Egad! an omen. Perhaps I'll wish I were dead when she finds out the lay of the land."

"Well, Mort, and how is everybody at home?" she began, as they swept up Madison avenue.

"Oh, they're all right," answered the impostor, with a vagueness perfectly touching in its infinitude.

"I should so like to see the old place again. I must try and get up there next season. How long is it, Mort, since I was last there?"

No answer from the nonplussed one.

"All right, dear; I won't bother you now, as I see you want to look at the streets, you rustic old thing, you!"

"Ha! ha!" sniggered Nick in his sleeve. "I am evidently a hayseed. New York, I see, is the promised land to me. So be it, my newly-acquired coz."

And taking the hint the wily Nick began to examine the brown-stone fronts of the avenue with an interest almost suspicious in its intensity. He particularly delighted his innocent victim by the sublime ingeniousness with which he inquired, as they caught a glimpse of Central park, what "that green place was. The delight she took in tutoring his simplicity averted awkward questions. Besides, it was infinitely diverting to an old rounder—old in experience—like Nick. At last the carriage stopped before a handsome brown-stone house.

"Poor, dear Edward's sister is stopping with me, you know, but she's out to-day, so we shall be all to ourselves to talk over old times. Won't it be jolly?"

Nick hardly seemed delighted by the thought of the prospective jollity; in fact he heartily wished himself out of his scrape. But there was no retreat now; he had burned his boats. So up he went to his dressing room, ostensibly to wash off the travel-stains of a journey he had never taken, really to throw himself on a couch and rack his brains for plausible myths about people and places he had never seen.

The way of the wicked man is hard. Nick found it extremely so, and he never enjoyed a good dinner less. The inevitable examination began. "I'll try murdering 'em," he thought. So whenever he got mixed on the genealogy or personal history of any harmless person or persons he ruthlessly slew them and buried them away far out of the reach of all questions. Whole families went at a swoop; when necessary he raised an epidemic—typhoid, cholera, grip—he didn't care what, as long as he got awkward customers out of the way. Samson's Biblical jawbone was an inefficient weapon for homicidal purposes compared to Nick's "jaw," and poor Belle was in an excess of grief and amazement at the recent loss of so many friends. Finally he struck on a snag in the shape of a young lady whom he had consigned to an untimely grave—from too much cigarette smoking, quoth he, irreverently. Unluckily the fair Belle had a message from the dead in a week-old letter. Then things got worse than ever for the culprit. He got inextricably entangled in the prickly branches of the family tree—hopelessly lost in the lanes and byways of the local topography. Still, with courage worthy of a better cause and a supernatural calmness born of despair, he lied on by the carload.

"How's Zozo?" asked his unconscious torturer.

"Zozo?" dubitatively. "Wonder who the dickens Zozo can be? So silly to give anyone a name like that! S'pose it's a baby. I'll chance it, anyhow!" Then, aloud:

"Oh, Zozo! Zozo's all right."

"How can you say so, when you yourself wrote he was ill, poor dear!"

"Oh, yes, of course! How silly I am! He caught scarlet fever, but he's much better now."

"What *do* you mean, Mort? Scarlet fever! I never heard of a horse with scarlet fever."

"Great Scott!" groaned the pseudo Mort, "here's a how-de-do! Er—er—Oh, yes. Don't you know? Er—Horses often get scarlet fever, my dear, but of course you couldn't be expected to know that. Why, that bay mare father bought only last year—"

Belle started up from the table with a shudder and stared at her visitor as though at a maniac.

"You must be mad, Mort. Poor uncle has been dead these ten years. I don't understand you at all." And her frame shook with excitement.

Nick nerved his flagging wings to still higher, more cerulean flights of imagination.

"I'm awful sorry, Belle, darling" (and the villain lingered over these words as over sweet morsels); "but didn't you hear of my terrific accident? I fell down an old quarry and hurt my head very badly. Why, at times, especially when I'm fagged a bit and bothered with questions, my mind becomes a perfect blank, and I make horrible hodge-podge of everything. My head feels as though it would burst at this very minute." This last with a groan of most ghastly dimensions.

The poor girl was completely hocused, and was amazed and indignant that she had not been told of the "terrific accident" before. Then she cooed: "Poor old boy, poor old head!" so soothingly that it sent a thrill of rapture down Nick's worthless frame. And she stroked that head, hard as the nether millstone, so lovingly with her soft, plump hand that the Machiavellian one patted himself on the back, all of which only hardened him in his sin. And when she refrained from asking any more awkward questions he gloried in his successful villainy, and laid himself out to kill. And as he looked well, and talked well, it was not long before the fair widow lay—metaphorically speaking, of course—at her fictitious cousin's feet in an excess of reverence and devotion. She could hardly conceive the great change that had taken place in him since she had seen him last.

"You've developed awfully, Mort, in the last two years."

"Mort," with a grim smile, thought to himself that the next two hours, perhaps, would see even a more awful development of himself and things in general.

He put the finishing touch to his work just as he was leaving. He would have been content with a hand-shake by way of adieu, but poor Belle, with a charming pout and a most provocative raising of her blossom of a mouth, delivered herself into the hands of the enemy by pathetically remarking: "You're very mean, Mort; you haven't kissed me once yet." Nick quailed; even he was touched by this absolute trust. He felt almost inclined to blurt out the whole truth and then run for his life, but that sunny, inviting smile would have melted an iceberg; at all events, it melted his scruples, and the caitiff glued his lips to hers in a most uncousinly way—that is, if cousins kiss as cousins should. The idea that something was wrong flashed for an inconceivable moment across her mind, but flashed away as quickly, and after giving him copious but more than needless instructions as to his way home bade him to lunch next day.

Nick walked to his lodgings in a hardly enviable state of mind.

"I've made an infernal brute of myself—perhaps worse. But I really couldn't help it, she's such a dainty little thing. Why, hang it, I'm over head and ears in love with her already. She'll never forgive me that kiss, though. What on earth must I do? I can't deprive the poor little woman of her newly-acquired cousin without any explanation. Heigh, ho! I must make a clean breast of it to-morrow."

With which virtuous resolution he turned in. But alack a day! Nick was a bold, bad man, and at heart quite unregenerate; so next day, instead of pleading guilty and throwing himself on the mercy of the court, as he should have done, he lapsed into error and marched into my lady's bower with a cousinly swagger, which abated the moment he saw the inmate, for there was an ominous glitter in that little woman's eye that gave him a gooseflesh. The game was up, he saw at once.

"Good day, sir," said Nemesis in a morning gown. "Kindly explain this to me." And she handed him a telegram:

"MRS. BRATHWAITE: Sorry couldn't come. Mother ill. Coming next week.

"MORT WHITTAKER."

Not that Nick read all this. He felt so ashamed of his ignominious position that the letters swam before his eyes. All he could see was a cruel finger and a contemptuous eye directed toward the door, which enunciated "begone!" more pointedly than any words could do. Nick's first impulse was that of headlong flight. Then his forensic instincts came back to him—for he was a rising young lawyer—and he resolved to make a speech for the defense. So he came to grips with Mrs. Brathwaite without more ado.

"My dear Mrs.—er—er—er—Blank" (this in the most dryly comical way that made the widow, even in her anger, bite her lips to prevent a smile, and won a hearing for Nick). "My dear Mrs. Blank, I will offer no excuse for my abominable conduct and extraordinary tissue of lies, though I have one which ought to plead powerfully in my behalf." Here he made a motion as though to point out his client, and gestured at those silent jurymen—not more wooden than many live ones—the chairs. "That excuse, madam, is your own face. Yes, madam"—and he grew aptly alliterative—"your face was my fall and will ever be my fate." Sotto voce—"Sounds like a line of poetry, and ought to fetch her." As a fact, she did seem to be softening somewhat. Then our Choate in embryo went on just picking himself up in time from starting his peroration with a "Gentlemen of the jury." "Madam, speaking frankly, I regret to have to state that I am not one bit repentant—as far as my own sin is concerned—for what I have done. In such a cause, and for such a reward as a few words from those lips, though I may say I am naturally truthful, I would perjure myself any and every moment of the day. Any man would have committed the same fault, tried by the same temptation. No man could have helped himself. Simon Stylites himself"—and he rolled off the name in the most sonorous fashion—"would have shown his own appreciation of your charms in the same way as I did if you had come up to that ascetic old party and looked and talked as you did with me."

And so on, and so on, for half an hour, ending up with patching together Viola's two sentences: "Though I am not that I played, I am a gentleman," after which came his pedigree from the first generation thereof, so that he overwhelmed the poor little woman in a torrent of words. Then, too, she was half in love with him already, and secretly admired his consummate cheek. Finally he left his card, begging to be allowed to call, having obtained her assurance that she would think over the matter of a free pardon.

Less than a week after all this came a note for him:

"DEAR MR. WEYBRIDGE:—Out of my great mercy you are forgiven. I shall expect you to five o'clock tea. Yours, etc.

"BELLE BRATHWAITE."

Nick went to that five o'clock tea, and to many other five o'clock teas and other functions at the same address. The result of all these visits is that an argument has sprung up between them. Belle has been bitten by the sacred Egyptian bug that the Bernhardt brought over, and is mad to visit the pyramids and the Nile cataracts, while Nick says that the "doing" of Switzerland and Italy is the proper thing for a newly married couple.—A. H. Sterne, in Leslie's Newspaper.

AN AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

Not Likely That English Will Ever Be Relegated.

That there will ever be any broad divergence between the English language and American speech, such, for example, as differentiates the Portuguese from the Spanish, is now altogether unlikely. A divergence as wide as this has been impossible since the invention of printing, and it is even less possible since the schoolmaster has been abroad teaching the same A B C in London, New York, Sydney and Calcutta. Although it has ceased absolutely to be British, the chief literature of North America is still English, and must remain so, just as the chief literature of South America is still Spanish. Senor Juan Valera, declaring this truth in the preface of his delightful "Pepita Ximenez," reminds us that "the literature of Syracuse, of Antioch and of Alexandria was as much Greek literature as was the literature of Athens." In like manner we may recall the fact that Lucan, Seneca, Martial and Quinctilian were all of them Spaniards by birth.

That any one country shall remain or become at once the political, financial and literary center of the wide series of Anglo-Saxon states which now encircle the globe is almost equally unlikely. But we may be sure that that branch of our Anglo-Saxon stock will use the best English and will perhaps see its standards of speech accepted by the other branches, which is most vigorous physically, mentally and morally, which has the most intelligence, and which knows its duty best and does it most fearlessly.—Brander Matthews, in Harper's Magazine.

Ground for Suspicion.

The French have a proverb, "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse," he who excuses himself, accuses himself. This was evidently in the mind of M. de Solilhac, whose amusing account of his ride in a diligence is quoted by the Baron du Casse in his volume of "Souvenirs."

My companion in the coupe was a litigant who was going to Neufchater to sustain a lawsuit against M. de Hollande, of Amiens, who demanded of him the payment of a debt, and who repudiated as false the receipted bill which my companion showed.

He gave me the argument in his defense to read, and I had no sooner looked it over than I hastened to put in my pocket my purse, which I had placed in a pocket of the carriage. He exclaimed with considerable feeling that in taking this precaution I did him an injustice.

I replied: "Monsieur, I have read your defense."—Youth's Companion.

Recent Literary Tragedy.

Ambitious Author (looking casually through bookstore)—By the way, have you that famous new book called "Mad Mike, the Train Robber; or Wild Harry's Terrible Revenge?"

Salesman—Never heard of the book. Who wrote it?

Friend of Ambitious Author (happening in)—Hello, Dashoff! Have you got out that dime nov—

"H'm! H'm! Ahem!"

"That dime nov—"

"Ahem! H'm!"

"That dime novel of yours—"

"Ahem! Ahem! H'm! H'm!"

"Dime novel of yours you were working at—"

"H'm! H'm!"

"About Wild Har—"

"H'm! H'm! H'm!"

"'Wild Harry, the Train Robber,' or something of that kind? What's the matter, Dashoff? Got a cold?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Friendly Call.

Talking of absent-minded people, there are not many who can surpass Mrs. B. She made a call on a family, living on a certain street, and was received with much cordiality. At supper she mentioned the fact to her husband.

"How did you find them?" he inquired.

"Why, easily; they live where they always did."

"Oh, no; they have moved into another part of the city, and the people living in their old house are strangers here."

"I never noticed any difference, and I don't believe they did," said Mrs. B., smartly, and Mr. B. let the matter drop without further comment. — Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—By Henry Irving's special desire his son Henry will commence his theatrical career under John Hare, the lessee, manager and leading actor of Garrick's theater. Young Henry Irving will make his debut at that theater during the coming season as Lord Beaufroy in the "School for Scandal."

—The fireplace in Robert Louis Stevenson's island home in Samoa is the only one in the land. The furniture in the dining-room is all Chippendale, of which there is probably not another piece in the southern Pacific. It seems somewhat incongruous and out of place in a room that has its walls decorated in native tapestry made from the mulberry tree.

—The little Spanish boy whom Minister Palmer brought home as a protege is a great favorite in Washington. He is the son of an army officer, and is a miniature Apollo. In fact, he is as handsome physically that his parents by adoption have had a plaster cast taken of his entire body for the purpose of having his graceful person preserved in marble.

—Lady Gordon-Cumming can not fail to be charmed with her new home, for Altyre, Sir William's family place in Morayshire, is one of the most beautiful in the Highlands. The house is a large building of no special architectural pretensions, but it is surrounded by charming gardens and grounds, which slope to the Deveron, and the famous woods of Altyre extend for many miles along that river.

—A number of the ladies at Bar Harbor have formed a club for playing billiards, a game at which Miss Hattie Blaine, the secretary's daughter, is said to be particularly expert. One of the prettiest women at this famous old New England resort this summer is Mrs. Joseph Nalle, of Philadelphia, whose brunette beauty is striking in its attractiveness. She is an accomplished pianist, a fine horsewoman and a good dancer.

—A work of great historical interest and value will shortly be deposited in the British museum. It will come through the Asiatic society of Bengal. After many years' correspondence the society has secured from Thibet a copy of the Jangym, a monster encyclopedia of Thibetan buddhism. It comprises 225 volumes, each of which is two feet long and six inches thick. There are, it is supposed, only two copies of the work outside of Thibet.

HUMOROUS.

—Miss Languish—"Were you ever disappointed in love, Mr. Hearty?" Mr. Hearty—"Yes, indeed, every time."—N. Y. Truth.

—She (fishing for a compliment)—"Do you think my voice needs cultivation?" He (anxious to pay her a compliment)—"Not at all, not at all. Cultivation couldn't improve a voice like yours."—N. Y. Press.

—His Favorite Toy.—"Young Sappy is a rather feeble-minded sort of fellow—the kind of man who might be tickled with a straw." "Yes, especially if there was a cocktail at the other end of the straw."—Saturday Evening Herald.

—Not Powerful.—Spacer—"What is the noises about in the next room?" Liner—"I guess our friend, the poet, is struggling with an idea." Spacer—"Is the idea his own?" Liner—"Yes." Spacer—"Then he will probably escape unharmed."—Town Topics.

—A Son's Superior Opportunities.—Plain Father—"It didn't use to cost me a tenth part as much to live when I was at your age." Fashionable Son—"I know, father; but you didn't have the advantages then of associating with a fashionable young man like me."—Gainesville Journal.

—A Dispute Settled.—Cyril (in the garden)—"Father! father! look out of the window!" Paterfamilias (putting out his head)—"What a nuisance you children are. What do you want now?" Cyril (with a triumphant glance at his playfellow)—"Tommy Cope wouldn't believe you' got no hair on the top of your head."—Yankee Blade.

—He Saved His Friend.—"My, that's a pretty girl," said one of the travelers, throwing himself half out of the window to see her. "For Heaven's sake pull in your head!" shouted his companion. "What's the matter?" was the terrified inquiry. "Why," suiting the action to the word, "I wanted that window to look at her myself."—Philadelphia Times.

—His Fatal Error.—"I am glad to hear that your graduation was such a success, dear." "But it wasn't." "Why, I heard you received round after round of applause." "So I did, but I was not half through with my essay. I merely intended to make an impressive pause. It was that hateful little idiot Charlie Tapecounter who started them, and I'll never speak to him again as long as I live. I don't care if he does—admire me."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A surgeon had a rich but miserly patient who had injured his leg so badly that he told him that it would probably have to come off. "How much?" said the patient. "Fifty dollars." "Fifty dollars! Why, you ought to cut off two legs for that." "Well, I will if you say so." The man reluctantly agreed to pay the price and have only one leg taken off, but skillful treatment saved the leg. When the surgeon asked for his pay the patient, with many a grimace, handed over the money, remarking: "You're a good deal of a fraud in charging me so much, for you did not cut off my leg after all."—Detroit Free Press.